

Yet Even More Quidditch

by erbkaiser

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Summary: A collection for various short fics I wrote for the QLFC.

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A Night at the Opera

They looked a stately couple, Lucius Malfoy thought, as he walked out of the side-street on to the busy Muggle London sidewalk near the theatre. His clothes cost more than some families spent in a year but it should be worth the effort. The finest cuts fitted to him by London's most expensive tailors, new shoes hand-made by one of the best in the business, and even a new cane carved from rare woods and decorated with rhino horn and ivory.

Narcissa was likewise in her finest dress, which had cost even more than Lucius' attire, and she wore the Malfoy family jewels around her neck. All in all, they looked very much the elite they were, all set to enjoy a night mingling with the upper class.

And then there were their guests. Malfoy groaned as they stumbled onto the sidewalk, having had trouble apparating, apparently. Nott wore a third-rate suit that Malfoy wouldn't even let a disgraced House-Elf wear and as for his wife... with some fantasy that could be called that a dress, he supposed. Compared to the Malfoys they looked like the relative paupers they were, but he had little choice but to let them come along. He needed Nott's support in the Wizengamot and Beatrice, Nott's wife and one of the few people Narcissa seemed to actually enjoy having tea with, had looked excited at the prospect of seeing an actual opera.

"Did you really have to mention the opera in front of her?" he whispered to his wife, just before the Notts joined up with them.

Narcissa gave him a smile, saying, "I'm sorry, darling, how could I have guessed she'd tell that husband of hers and that they wanted to

come along? Perhaps it won't be as bad as â€"" Quickly she turned half around, greeting their guests, "Beatrice, Franklin, you both look... lovely."

"Ooh, thanks much, luv, you look enchanting I suppose," Beatrice said in response.

"So where is this opera thing? Shouldn't we get going?" Franklin Nott cut her off.

"Follow us then," Malfoy told him. "It's not far from here. Remember, we are among Muggles now, so watch your words."

As they walked to the Royal Opera House Malfoy could hear Nott grumbling about the whole thing and he couldn't help but wonder why Nott had wanted to come along with them. Sure, they were Muggles and therefore by definition inferior to proper Wizards, but there was no opera in their world so an occasional journey to the other side was acceptable, surely?

As they waited in line to enter the building Malfoy started to feel better again. He could see the envious gazes at his wife from some of the other men and he also saw some of the women glance at him. They looked amazing, and they both knew it. He squeezed Narcissa's hand and she shot him a loving smile back. Finally their tickets were checked and the four wizards made their way to their private box on the balcony.

"What are we going to see again?" Nott asked, his loud voice cutting through the comfortable silence.

Malfoy started to explain, "It's called Die ZauberflÃ¶te, a so-called Singspiel by â€""

"What is that? Danish?" Nott cut him off.

Annoyed, Malfoy cut back, "German, you illiterate imbeâ€"" Narcissa placed her hand on his arm, and he trailed off. "It's considered one of the all-time greatest operas, by the Muggle composer Mozart. The title translates to 'The Magic Flute'."

Nott asked again, "Magic? But what about the Statute of â€""

"Hush, it's about to begin," Malfoy countered. As the lights went dim so only the stage was in view he leaned forward, intent on enjoying the opera to its fullest.

The handsome prince Tamino was fleeing from a serpent, only to be saved by three mysterious ladies. But after they left to tell their mistress who they had found, the strangely dressed Papageno was the one to claim credit for saving Tamino instead.

"What on earth is he wearing? He looks ridiculous," Nott suddenly interrupted the bird-catcher's song.

"Be quiet," Malfoy hissed back.

The set changed for the second scene, Sarastro's palace, and the beautiful Pamina was about to be molested only for Papageno to rescue her â€""

"Why didn't he just stun the slaver?" Nott asked loudly.

"They're Muggles, not Wizards," Malfoy whispered back.

"But it's a play about magic, innit?"

"Oh for Merlin's sake... Do shut up, will you?" Malfoy groaned in frustration, feeling only a little comfort in Narcissa's hand in his.

By the end of the third scene, the temple grove, he had passed from mild annoyance at Nott's interruptions to almost full anger. An anger that boiled over when Nott once again asked a dumb question just as Act I wrapped up.

"Was that bird guy using magic bells earlier? I thought they were Muggles?"

Malfoy slipped his wand out the top of his cane, hiding it along his body. "Nott? _Stupefy_," Malfoy cast, the jet of red light splashing against the loud-mouthed man sitting behind him. To his utter surprise he heard Narcissa cast the same spell and he saw Beatrice fall unconscious as well.

"Narcissa?"

"Wouldn't want her to start screaming, would we? Let's enjoy the opera, darling," she said, giving him a smile that melted his heart.

"If anyone asks, we'll tell them they fell asleep," Malfoy said back, squeezing her hand.

Act II was as beautiful as he had imagined, much more enjoyable without constant interruptions. As the story ended with Tamino and Pamina triumphant both Malfoys joined the rest of the public in rising for the applause.

"Thank you for this night, husband dearest," Narcissa said, kissing his cheek.

"I'm glad you enjoyed it, darling. Now... what do we do about those two?"

"A mild _Confundus_ should do the trick, I think. We'll just tell them they fell asleep... let them think the opera was boring," Narcissa offered, shrugging slightly.

"I knew I didn't only marry you for your looks," Malfoy teased.

"Oh, you. Come on, let's take care of them. Oh, just one more thing..."

"What is it?"

"Lucius, we do need to get some _better_ friends."

Malfoy smiled. It was the greatest gift, to have your wife understand you so completely.

* * *

><p>AN: Written for Season 4 of the QLFC, Round 1: Where My Death Eaters At?

CAPTAIN: Write about your chosen Death Eater being with their friends

Team: Montrose Magpies.

Thanks to FF for beta-ing.

Wow, I'm rusty at writing...

End
file.